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"REFUGEE" INDUSTRIES IN CANADA



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The Canadian National Committee on Refugees

Since its organization, in December, 1938, the Committee has endeavored to point out to the Canadian public the great possibilities offered for the development of our country by the admission of refugee, fugitive democrats, from Europe. It is therefore very gratifying that, independently, the Winnipeg Free Press should present interesting and convincing evidence of this contention. The articles reprinted here give concrete examples and point the way to a greater future.

The Committee is an unofficial organization of Canadian citizens. Among its members are representatives of a number of national organizations. The work is financed entirely by voluntary contributions and includes:

- Facilitating the entry of desirable individuals.
- Counsel and assistance in various ways to refugees already in the country.
- Provision of information and promotion of public interest in the question.

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They Bring Gifts

THE very word conjures up the picture of the homeless, the uprooted, the disinherited. The appeal is to our sympathy, our charity. Men, women and children broken on the wheel of persecution and intolerance, ending their days in misery and poverty.

If you look through the story of mankind — the history books — refugees are always pathetic, momentarily clouding the page of more stirring events and then fading, forlorn and desolate, into obscurity.

Canada heard much of refugees in the years of the totalitarian persecution. Refugees knocked on Canada's door — mostly penniless, bedraggled people. There were debates in Canada as to whether we should be big-hearted; should practise our Christian faith, play the part of the Good Samaritan to these fellow humans who had fallen among thieves. We admitted a few, not many, and we felt the glow of a deed well done. We mustn't take very many. No. Charity beings at home. These wretched people were greatly to be pitied, but there were our own needy to be remembered—and the future of this Canada of ours.

They Bring Rich Gifts

And yet, if Canadians had stopped a moment and read their history, how different would our attitude have been. For these refugees were not what they seemed. They stood at our door clothed in adversity, crushed. But they yet possessed assets beyond a nation's ransom. They were the 20th

century heirs of a golden stream of oppressed humanity which down the ages has ever groped its way out of realms of intolerance, persecution and evil towards the broad domain of freedom, tolerance and rightness. Through the centuries this stream has carried within itself the stuff of greatness, of world power and prosperity. Concealed under its dark surface has been accumulated experiences, special skills, fine craftsmanship, power to endure.

Into the Britain that stands today at the very height of her glory went the blood of multitudes of just such refugees as sought sanctuary in Canada. Britain from the time of William the Conqueror onwards, with few exceptions, held her door wide open to refugees. Britain cashed in on the folly of less wise kingdoms, built much of her supremacy as a great trading nation out of the broken bits of humanity that others discarded.

The record, when you look for it, runs through British history as plain as can be. Flemings, Jews, Huguenots, royalists, democrats, freedom seekers sought sanctuary in England from the earliest times down to the industrial revolution. All were welcome and all contributed mightily to the prosperity and strength of their adopted land. The policy was maintained despite the protests of manufacturers who complained of competition from these "foreigners"; it was maintained despite the fears—and real fears—that the flood of alien blood would overwhelm the native stock.

The Flemish weavers sought sanctuary in England to escape religious persecution and brought

with them—not in ships and carts—but in their brains and their hands, the art of weaving coarser woollen fabrics. They brought with them knowledge of secret dyes discovered in the Low Countries and no longer did British cloth have to be sent abroad to be finished. The Flemings left their mark everywhere in the textile areas of Britain. It survives in place names—such as Flemingston and Tucking Mill. Tuck is the Flemish word for cloth.

The inflow became a torrent in the days of Elizabeth. Now came the silk weavers, the makers of cutlery, clocks, hats, pottery, the weavers of fine fabrics and lace. Wool was no longer merely the raw material for coarse cloth. "In times past," writes an historian of the 16th century, "the use of wool consisted for the most part in cloth and woolesteds but now, by means of strangers succoured here from persecution, the same hath been employed into sundry uses whereby the makers have realized no small commodity."

In 1598 came the edict of Nantes, guaranteeing freedom of conscience in France, and the tide of refugees diminished. But consider what had happened in England.

Elizabethan Flood-tide

The Domesday Book of William the Conqueror contains the names of less than 300,000 persons. The population at that time was very small. By Elizabeth's time (1558-1603) the population had grown to 5,000,000.

In the space of a few years 50,000 refugees were admitted to Elizabethan England and allowed to establish themselves. In terms of Canada today this would in-

volve admitting more than 100,000 refugees.

In 1685 the edict of Nantes was revoked and persecution broke out anew. Now came the flood of Huguenots to England. They had escaped only with their lives. They had no means, no capital. They were fugitives. And they were welcomed.

The record shows that they brought with them skills infinitely more precious than any fortunes they might have possessed. Now England had thriving communities making goods which had never before been made on the island—the finest silks, glass, paper, rare laces, silversmithing, chinaware, jewel cutting and setting, and so on.

One more great transfusion enriched and vitalized English blood. After the French Revolution, tens of thousands of Royalists escaped to England. Again they brought no fortunes, no goods, no visible assets. They were destitute. But they, too, had special skills. They founded the musical instrument industry and the furniture industry, enriched the arts. They were musicians, painters, architects, scholars and the like.

One might term these the tidal waves of stricken humanity which broke over England, enriching it beyond all computation. There were numberless smaller movements of refugees. The Lombards brought their skill in finance to London. The name Lombard Street still lives after them. The Jews brought their genius in finance and commerce to England and, apart from relatively brief periods of persecution and one expulsion, they were given freedom to use their talent to the full.

So great were these migrations that communities, like Spitalfields,

were founded. In Canterbury Cathedral the Huguenots built their own chapel, which remains to this day. The English language bears evidence of this invasion.

Looking back over the centuries it will be seen that these people came to England with empty pockets, empty stomachs, empty hands. They had no cash balances in the bank, no stocks or bonds, no assets as assets are calculated on the ledgers of finance. They were refugees—penniless, homeless, ruined and despairing folk.

Skill and Crafts

Yet they had the greatest of all assets—skill and knowledge of crafts. They knew how to make things, how to add mightily to the sum-total of human resources. Not one of this vast army which contributed so much to England's greatness, and whose descendants have continued to do so, could have qualified for admission to Canada without special dispensation from Ottawa. They could never pass the "public charge" test.

More than that—indeed, most important of all—refugees have always been people of character, of conviction. After all, one can usually escape being a refugee. A little hypocrisy, a supple backbone, a willingness to knuckle under—you can usually smother your conscience and keep on the right side of authority, if you are so minded. The refugee is almost invariably a person who has stood for something worth standing for. He is a marked man, a leader, in his city, town or village. Rather than bow the knee, forswear himself, blacken his soul—he will hazard any hardship; hazard life itself.

When a nation is able to obtain a transfusion of refugee blood, therefore, it is receiving the richest nourishment the world affords, nourishment of character and of ability.

In point of fact, a good few refugees did get into Canada before the outbreak of war. Most of them had been able to get some capital out of their own countries. They were admitted, and for a year or more they have been at work here.

What have our refugees done for us? Their contribution to England—to every country which has had the wisdom to accept them, is beyond question. In England, succeeding monarchs welcomed them. James I, indeed, planted mulberry trees to help them forward in silk making.

Have they repeated the historic record in this Dominion?

The facts are available, and on these facts which will be presented in a short series of articles, Canadians can form conclusions as to a proper policy for this country. For when this war is ended, golden opportunity may again present itself. Out of the broken continent of Europe may spring a new stream of seekers after freedom and peace. That stream, almost inevitably, will be directed our way.

Judged by the common standard they will be destitute people—liable to become public charges. They will have no bank balances, no fine clothes. They will not come cabin class. But, as history proves, they will have other, far more precious assets which will enrich the country that is wise enough to welcome them.

Fischl: Glove-Maker

THIS is the story of a man and industry. It is not a new story. Rather it is a story as old as history, as old as inhumanity and tyranny. It is a paragraph out of the latest chapter in the flight from oppression and persecution and the search for freedom and justice. Over the centuries the migration of skilled men and women, under the propulsion of persecution, has meant the rise of nations to greatness and wealth, the decline of others to obscurity and poverty.

Louis Fischl, of Sudetenland, is the man.

Fischl, at fifty years of age, is short, thick-set. His hands and feet are small. Indeed, the hands are the hands of a musician or an artist. His face is round and chubby. His mustache is dark. The most striking feature is the eyes. Fischl's eyes are the bluest of blue. They are kindly, trusting eyes, with a child-like curiosity in them. They have seen much suffering, but all that is past now.

The industry is the kid glove industry of Prescott, Ontario.

Fischl was no stranger to Canada. For years his factory near Carlsbad shipped us kid gloves to the value of \$350,000 per year. The glove industry in Czechoslovakia was a century old. Along in the 1840's, following prolonged unrest and uncertainty in France, a small group of glove-makers had migrated from Grenoble to the Carlsbad area. They had brought with them little but their skill in and knowledge of the glove-making industry — skill in designing, manufacturing, selling, knowledge of the trade, the markets and the conduct of the business— but much

more essentially, skill in teaching these things to the people among whom they settled, with the result that for over a hundred years they were responsible for a great flourishing industry which supported three cities and many thousands of people.

Grenoble, of course, is Europe's cradle of kid glove-making. It began in 1190, in the period of the Crusades. And Grenoble is still a flourishing glove centre.

If you look further into the history of gloves, you will find that a small group of glove-makers settled in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1165. Their country of origin is lost in the shadows of the Middle Ages. They, too, with their descendants, founded a great industry, though they never specialized in kid gloves for ladies.

And then in 1760 three or four families of glove-makers from Perthshire came to the New World and settled in a little village in New York state. They were the founders of what has become one of the greatest glove-making industries of the world. From less than twenty persons, immigrants from Scotland in 1769, grew the town of Gloversville, N.Y., where a substantial percentage of all the gloves sold in the United States is made.

So, if Canada owes this infant industry to Louis Fischl and a handful of Czech refugees, it can survey history with confidence. Great industries supporting thriving communities have grown from beginnings no greater than are to be seen today at Prescott.

Mr. Fischl escaped from Czechoslovakia in the nick of time. The Munich conference was just end-

ing. Fischl's home was in the disputed area. He had no time to collect his belongings or to try to arrange for the transfer of money. He drove his wife and his family to the nearest airport. He had booked seats on the airplane for France. He had not been able to get a seat for himself. No one knew if there would be another plane.

But just before the plane took off, a young Czech gave Fischl his seat. "There may be another plane," he said, "and anyway I am unmarried and can bear whatever happens better than you."

A few hours later, the Fischl family was in Strasbourg—penniless. His only asset was his skill as a glove-maker, and the esteem in which he was held by his customers in the British Empire. He phoned long distance to customers in Britain: cabled to Canada and elsewhere.

A few days later he was in funds. Fischl's name was good. He thought over his prospects, consulted friends in Belgium, Britain and Grenoble. Most of them advised him to begin again in Belgium, France or Britain. But a deep instinct in Fischl counselled otherwise. "I knew I was finished with Europe. I could see nothing but trouble. I liked England, but my thoughts kept turning to Canada. I had visited this country 19 times, knew it well and liked it much. There is a future here. You have everything you need for industry. You have been wrong, all these years, in thinking you need only farmers. You need, and have been needing, industry to supply a market for milk and other farm produce. You have resources in plenty, but lack men with special skills to develop them.

"I didn't think seriously of going to the United States. It is overfilled. There were difficulties here. I must import many materials from the United States. The tariff is high. We do not produce goat skins in any quantity and there is no goat skin tannery."

So in February, 1939, Fischl arrived at Montreal. After some difficulty he got a permit for himself and his two children. He knew of a few key men and women in the Czech glove industry who were now refugees in Britain or France—folk like himself who had lost their life's work and savings. He got permission to bring in a dozen families. He picked up machinery in Europe as best he could, obtained some from the United States.

Early in the spring of 1939 he began searching for a factory site. He decided on Prescott, and in August, 1939, the Fischl Glove Company began operations in a factory building which had been empty for two years.

Thus at 50 years of age Louis Fischl, famous glove manufacturer of Carlsbad, Sudetenland, began life anew in a new country. His only real assets were his skill and the skill of his wife who is a glove designer and style expert, and of a few refugees whom he had managed to gather about him. He had bought 1,500 acres of poor, neglected farm land and out of this he had set aside a farm for himself, and a half dozen farms for Czech farmers for whom he obtained entry permits. One of these farmers was a professor in one of the leading Czech universities before the deluge.

Prescott, as a town, had a past, but a doubtful future. Time was when Prescott boasted of its industries, of its contented, pros-

perous, growing population. It had been a big distillery and brewing centre. It was the home of Wiser Whiskey, known all over the West in the early days. Prohibition killed the distillery: likewise the brewery. These industries had drawn heavily on the surrounding farmland for barley and hops. A large cattle feeder industry existed in the town. Feeders were shipped from the prairies, fattened and marketed.

The death of these industries was a heavy blow both to the town and the district about it. The farmlands became neglected. Buildings decayed, homes were abandoned. There had been, too, a large starch factory, but it also shuttered its windows. For 20 years Prescott had been clutching its threadbare clothes more tightly about it, to keep out the winds of adversity.

And then John T. Horan, proprietor of the Prescott hotel, became mayor and things began to happen. Mr Fischl was one of these things. He moved into an empty factory building, gathered his Czechs about him, mustered the machines he had been able to buy. In August began the business of manufacturing kid gloves in Canada.

Fischl is now turning out gloves at the rate of 5,000 dozen pairs per year, worth \$150,000. Of this, one-half is wages. In addition to the Czechs he brought with him, 20 Canadians are working full time, learning the trade. Ten more Canadians are doing work on the gloves in their homes—handwork and embroidering. This output is being sold in Canada. Exports will come later.

Mr. Fischl, when asked if his Canadian gloves were as good as the gloves he produced in Sudetenland, shook his head. Why? There was 100 years of experience behind the product of Sudetenland: one year behind the product of Canada.

And the truth of this became evident as you walked through the factory, watching the making of gloves from the time the cutter picks up the tanned goat's skin to the last operation when the finished glove is stretched and "ironed" upon a metal hand, heated by electricity.

Glove making, you discover, is not a trade: it is an art. Every operation depends for success not upon mechanical skill, routine movements — though the sewing machines used in glove making are wondrously clever. Success lies in the skilled fingers and clear eyes which guide the machines. To carry the seams of the fingers, for example, a shade to the right or left would ruin all.

Yet gloves are the beginning, not the end of this refugee industry. Mr. Fischl began raising goats at the same time as he began making gloves. Back in his mind is the picture of a large goat population, a tannery, a self-contained industry. He has bought goats and spread them over the countryside. There are now about 200 of them and they surprise you, when you enter a barn, by appearing on the pinnacles of stall posts or walking along the tops of partitions.

Tanning goat skins for ladies' gloves is a very difficult business. And the hair off the skins, of course, makes first rate felt for felt hats.

And there is the goats' milk to be dealt with. Fischl and his refugees are already beginning to make cheese—there was, he said, nothing else to do with it. Goats' milk makes Gruyere cheese or St. Marcellin cheese, both of which command a ready market and good price. We import Gruyere from Switzerland, but St. Marcellin cheese is eaten largely in France.

Plainly, gloves are only the beginning of the story of refugee industry. Glove making leads to goat raising and this leads on to a tannery, to hat making and to cheese making. The town of Prescott and the surrounding farmland is feeling the stirring of new life and already Canadian production and employment is being enriched.

The Story of Bata

THIS is the story of Bata, of boots and shoes, of five storeys of brick and plaster, of a small village which but yesterday emerged in brave, bright colors. It is the story of a man and of the translation of his ideas into flesh and blood, into the hard reality of brick and mortar.

These ideas have been summoned, miraculously, into existence. There stands the building: here are the homes. Between the two are the scores of human beings who work in the factory and live in the homes. The whole still seems as unreal as the drop curtain at a playhouse — a dream scene, painted for a fairy tale from which the harshness of life has been banished. It cannot be true — yet there it is. If you don't believe it, rub your eyes and look again. Better still, stub your toe against the concrete footings of the factory building.

The Village of Batawa

At Batawa, in the Trent river valley, miles away from the nearest village, stands this five-storey, ultra-modern factory. A few hundred yards to the west is the cluster of some 50 houses, fringing the main street of the new-born village of Batawa.

There is no store in Batawa—nothing but the factory and the trim houses. The houses, incidentally, are painted in pastel blues, browns, pinks, mauves and whites.

These buildings, flanked by playing fields, tennis courts, outdoor skating rink and recreation

grounds, are the sole marks of human habitation, of industrialism, in a great valley. Along the bottom winds the Trent river, ideal for swimming, fishing, boating. A concrete road parallels the river from the main highway along the shore of Lake Ontario, northwards into Ontario's wild country — into a country whose rivers and lakes are by-words among tourists and sportsmen. A half circle of hills encloses Batawa from the north. In a word, here is every natural beauty which Ontario commands.

The scenery assumes importance only because it is, as it were, one of the raw materials of this new industry. When a workman raises his eyes from his machine, he looks not upon grimy walls, but out through windows upon as fair a prospect as this country can offer, woods and stream and hill. There are no belching chimneys, no clang and clatter of traffic or machinery. There is no prison-like confinement, no in-crushing of dirty brick walls. The air is not polluted with the offal of many factories.

The walls of this five-storey building are fifty per cent glass, and the paradise of that far-sweeping valley is the possession of the humblest worker, as well as of the master. This is, indeed, a new kind of industrialism.

But the story really begins in 1580—in far-away Bohemia or, as other called it, Moravia, the Czech area of Czechoslovakia. It begins with Wenzel Bata, a farmer whose son Lukas became a shoemaker in the village of Zlin. Those were brave days in Bohemia. The Bohemian court was famed in Europe. Bohemian courtiers trav-

elled far and wide. One of them came to the court of Scotland, and remained to found the line of Leslies. The King of Bohemia married the daughter of James I of England—Princess Elizabeth, beloved of the English people. At a score of points, down the centuries, Bohemia has touched England. John Wesley first felt "a warmth at his heart," first heard the call to his life's work, when listening to a "Moravian" preacher.

Go Back Four Centuries

From Lukas Bata, shoemaker of Zlin, stems an unbroken line of shoemakers over three centuries to Thomas Bata, shoemaker of Batawa, Ontario. He is now 26 years of age, but, like his forefathers, has been familiar with every phase and detail of shoemaking since he was old enough to toddle into his father's factory. Shoemaking is in his blood, is associated with his earliest memories. He has worked at every machine and desk: there is no operation in the business of making shoes which he has not mastered.

On the personal side, therefore, Canadians will be deeply interested in young Tommy Bata. He is the eighth generation, in an unbroken line, of shoemakers. More, he is the son of Thomas Bata (1876-1932) who revolutionized the business of shoemaking.

Any fair reading of the achievements of Thomas Bata, the greatest shoemaker and one of the greatest industrialists this world has yet known, will place him in the select company of the world's greatest benefactors. Indeed, if Tommy Bata has inherited the genius of his father, this country has gained much more than a sizable shoe factory. It will have

gained the kind of a man who brings about social revolutions; who, single-handed, raises the standard of living of his fellow men.

Consider what Thomas Bata, senior, accomplished in a life of 56 years which ended, tragically, in an airplane crash in 1932. Bata founded a shoe business which was a hand labor industry. He disliked machinery; distrusted modern industrialism and its fruits—the barrack labor town. He was an individualist, under the spell of Tolstoy—an Utopian, an ardent believer in the dignity and worth of the individual and a hater of machines which, to him, seemed to enslave workers.

But he was driven to seek shoemaking machines by the demand for larger production. He bought machines, at first hesitantly, and all the while cherished a dream of quitting manufacturing, buying a farm and living in peace and quietness. And then he discovered a truth which became the inspiration of his life. Machines are not the masters of men. They are the servants of men. Machines do not debase men: they exalt them. He now wanted more and better machines. He searched continental Europe, and England. He came to the United States and worked in the leading shoe factories, studying methods of production and sizing up the efficiency of different kinds of machinery. He returned to Zlin with the best available shoemaking equipment and promptly established a machine tool plant. Thereafter, he led in the discovery of new and more efficient machinery and to this day Bata plants not only depend largely upon their own machinery but are constantly improving it.

But machines were merely the means—not the end. What Bata, senior, meant to his day is written, not in fulsomely flattering books about him, but in the social and economic history of the past 40 years. Multitudes of human beings who were never able to afford shoes are now wearing them. Shoes—good shoes—were brought within the buying power of millions of people who never before could afford them. It was a kind of miracle—the kind which occurs so slowly and is diffused over so wide an area as to be lost to view.

And the workers benefited equally with the general public for the simple reason that the machine with Bata was the servant of the worker, increasing his productivity, enabling him to earn more money and live a freer, fuller life.

The facts speak for themselves: the average price of a pair of shoes fell from 220 Czech crowns to 34 crowns. Competition forced a corresponding reduction the world over, except where high tariffs intervened.

The weekly wages of the workers rose from 166 Czech crowns to 525 crowns. The hours of labor were reduced.

The number of workers in the Bata factories at Zlin rose from 50 to 22,050.

The daily output of shoes rose from 50 pairs to 166,000 pairs. The output per worker—the vital point in all the story—rose from 3½ to 6½ pairs per day.

The savings of the workers, invested in the Bata company, rose from six million to 135 million crowns. Bata guaranteed 10 per cent dividends on these savings.

The share of the profits, apart altogether from wages, given to the workers rose from an average of

50 crowns per man per week to 120 crowns.

Constantly, ceaselessly, Bata strove to enlarge, by machines, the productive power of individuals. And as he succeeded, he divided the increase between the people who needed shoes by selling more cheaply, and the men and women who made the shoes by increasing their pay. And a part of these increased profits, of course, went to the company. When a company achieves a production on the scale of 166,000 pairs of shoes per day, a profit of one cent per pair will yield an immense income. Figure it out for yourself.

He founded the industry at Zlin in a setting not unlike Batawa. He strove to give to his workers ideal living conditions, and the health records of Zlin attest his success. In 1900, the death rate from tuberculosis was 5 per 1,000. In 1932 it was .6 per thousand. The general death rate fell steadily. Every Bata employee was given monthly medical check-ups to make certain that his work agreed with him. If his health suffered he was moved to a job which was more suitable.

Bata was a man who saw problems in true perspective. The ebbs and flows of trade never discouraged him nor diverted him from his main objective. The world needed shoes. It was his job to fill this need. There was no limit to the market. He would point out that the United States and Canada—the one an industrialized and the other an agricultural country—provided an excellent test of the needs of the world. And the North American democracies represented to his mind only the beginning of the kind of civilization which man could build. Applying the statistics of shoe consumption in the U.S. and Canada to Europe, he found that the existing output could be enlarged by some 290 million pairs of shoes per year.

It was all a problem of skill, of better machinery, of reducing costs, of enlarging output.

The Bata motto had little to do with profits — although profits came. But it had everything to do with service to mankind. "My work," he said, "has only one object: to serve life." A typical example of his approach to the problem of industry, of production, is supplied by the story of the purchase by Bata of the coal mine which supplied his factories. The wages paid to the miners was so low that Bata publicly apologized to them. The cost of the coal to his factories was higher than he believed necessary. His experts attacked this problem and in a few months Bata was able to report that the cost of coal had been cut by one-third and the wages of the miners had been increased 300 per cent. But this was only the beginning. Bata said that the problem would now have to wait until he was able to go into these mines and work as a miner. He knew that he could improve the machinery, make production more efficient, cut costs and raise wages.

Until the early thirties, the Bata company produced shoes only in Czechoslovakia. A policy of decentralization was then adopted and in succeeding years plants were built in Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Yugoslavia and India. The company did an annual export business in Canada of some 350,000 pairs per year. But while many branch plants were built, Zlin remained the head of the machine tool business.

Then the shadow of Hitler, the shadow of war, began to lengthen over Europe. Czechoslovakia could not hope to escape the storm. What happened in Czechoslovakia from Munich onward is an intensely interesting story, but is off this record. Young Thomas Bata had grown up the constant companion of his dad, until the time came for him to go to school. He was sent to England and came to love England next only to his native land. He escaped from Czechoslovakia via Switzerland, and so to London. He decided to go into the business, and he desired above all else to

remain in the British Commonwealth. Canada attracted him. He knew this country and liked its people. And there were other considerations. Canada had stable political and economic conditions. Canada had all the advantages of the Empire market. But chiefly, young Bata had lost his own country and wanted to be a British subject. He wanted, above all, to be a Canadian.

He arrived at Ottawa in April, 1939. His application for entry was granted. By July he had located his plant in the Trent valley. At the outset he took over a derelict paper mill at Frankford, a few miles from the present Batawa. He brought out 82 Czech refugees as key men to launch his industry. There were 30 shoemakers, 20 engineers and 30 office and export experts.

And so Bata was launched in Canada. The background to this event is the story of Thomas Bata, senior. What has begun to happen in the Trent valley can only be measured in terms of the Bata tradition, of which Tommy Bata's father was the great exemplar. This young man is only on the threshold of his career. But he is out to do what his father did before him. The principles upon which his father founded the greatest shoe industry of all time are written in this young man's heart. He imbibed them with his mother's milk.

This tradition colors all his thinking, all his conversation. It dominates his way of life. The Bata company has built small homes for many of its employees. Thomas Bata Jr., the head of the company, lives in a small cottage, just the kind of a cottage that the other workers live in. He knows every man and woman in his employ personally. You can tell by the way they look at him and talk to him that this youngster is not the Big Boss. He is their friend and partner. He plays games with the boys of the plant. He loves hockey and plays on the defence. On the ice, he takes his knocks and gives them — glories in the game. He eats in the factory cafeteria, the same food as everyone

else eats. He works harder than anybody else in the plant. He is at his desk at 7 a.m. and knocks off late at night. In all he does, in his way of thinking, he identifies himself with the workers whom he regards not as his underlings but as his partners.

And the yeast of Bata-ism is already beginning to work at Batawa. The plan called for a 54-hour week, but this has already been cut to 49 hours. The minimum wages of \$12 per week have risen to \$15. A ten-minute rest period, with music played through the loud-speaker system in the factory, has been adopted.

Slender, boyish, happy, understanding, this lad moves about the plant constantly. You notice his hands, which are large and competent. As he shows you the machines and, particularly, the machine-making tools, he often steps in to operate them. His competence is proclaimed in every movement. He is, himself a master mechanic.

The Frankford plant was used to train workers against the time when a new and fully modern plant would be built. Work on this new plant at Batawa began in September, 1939, and it was completed in March, 1940. Thereupon the Frankford plant became the machine tool workshop. But the plans for this workshop have had to be changed because of the war. This shop is now working on war orders — making the machines which make munitions and, as well, turning out essential parts of war equipment, such as airplane parts and sections for army trucks. All manner of precision instruments and gauges for munitions plants are also being made.

Thus has a derelict paper mill at Frankford become a bright spot for the Munitions and Supply Department at Ottawa.

The new shoe factory has been in operation only a few months; the whole enterprise just a little over a year.

What are the results?

The Bata company has invested \$980,000 in this country.

The value of production—all of it new production in Canada—in the first year was \$1,250,000.

Wages totalling \$11,000 per week are being paid.

Eighty-two Czech keymen, highly skilled in their work, have been brought to Canada. Their skill is added to the human resources of our people.

Canadian men and women to the number of 668 have been given work.

The chief raw material for shoes is leather. The new plant bought \$200,000 in hides from Canadian tanneries in the year. Substantial sums were spent on other raw materials. These purchases help other industries, increase employment.

The Batawa plant is as modern as human ingenuity can contrive. Lofty 15-foot ceilings make it airy. The vast window space makes it so bright that experiments have had to be made with various kinds of glass to reduce the glare of the sun. Fluorescent, mercury vapor lamps are used for artificial light. Shower baths are provided.

Shoemaking is carried on along "assembly" lines. These lines are arranged close to the windows. At the end of each line are stacks of boxes, ready for packing. You notice the destination of these shoes — Dutch Guiana, Curacao, Antigua, St. Vincent, St. Kitts, Barbadoes, Jamaica, and so on.

All told, the company produced 376,459 pairs of shoes in the first year of operation. Of these, 96,559 pairs were exported. These figures are of some importance because of the many rumors and reports which are being circulated about the company. It is being said that the Bata company was admitted to Canada upon condition that only an export trade would be carried on. This is untrue.

It may surprise people that any understanding of this kind was required. The explanation is that the entry of Thomas Bata was bitterly opposed by many interests who apparently feared competition. Indeed, there is some reason to believe that the "stories" which are endlessly circulated in this country are designed to injure the new company. One such is that Bata and his keymen are suspected of being Nazi spies. Careful inquiry at Ottawa disproves this

story. Mr. Bata and his Czechs were investigated and passed by the R.C.M.P. and Scotland Yard before entry permits were issued. Our secret service took no chances and no shadow of suspicion rests upon these men. The stock in the company, incidentally, is 96 per cent owned and controlled in Canada.

It is true that organized labor is not enthusiastic about the Bata company and its methods. The Bata employees are not organized. The company owns the houses at Batawa and rents them to the employees. Organized labor does not suggest that the power, latent in such a relationship, has been abused by the Bata management. But it regards company ownership of the homes of the workers as a hang-over from feudal times, an anachronism in modern industry. And as a general policy, labor strongly distrusts and disapproves of company towns.

On the other hand, the owning of the houses is a fundamental of Bata policy. These are trim little homes and they are rented to workers as a reward for exceptionally good work. There are never enough houses to meet the demand. The houses are rented at absolute cost—from \$3.50 to \$4 per week. This means an increase in real wages to the workers who live in them. Likewise the company operates an excellent cafeteria which serves full course dinners for from 25 to 30 cents, and a lunch for half that amount. Here again real wages are increased.

The Bata plant, like every other industrial plant, is under constant inspection by provincial government inspectors to make certain that all laws are observed. Actually, the Bata company is now paying higher wages than the minimum; is working shorter hours than the maximum.

Several points regarding the Bata plant are of interest.

Employees without previous factory experience are preferred—because they have nothing to unlearn.

Canadian employees compare favorably with those in other countries. They are not, however, as efficient as the Czechs.

Costs of production—and this is surprising and important — in Canada are generally higher than in Britain or Czechoslovakia. Electric power is cheaper in Czechoslovakia than it is in Ontario. Labor in Canada is 35 per cent higher than in England, and 40 per cent higher than in Czechoslovakia.

There are fine points in the Bata technique which undoubtedly contribute mightily to success, but which are not easy to describe. The passionate belief of Bata, senior, in the individual and in the right of the worker to partnership in industry, is reflected in an intricate costing system. The making of shoes is divided into various operations, each operation performed by a small group of workers. As the shoes pass along the assembly line, each group knows how much the shoe that reaches it has already cost, how much their operation should add to this cost. If they cut down their cost, they are showing a larger profit to the company and the company divides it with them. The better their work, the more money they make. Their pay, however, cannot fall below the minimum no matter how inefficient their work may be.

This is the story of Bata—of a family of shoemakers. For generations the family made shoes in Zlin, Thomas Bata, senior, building up the greatest single shoe industry this world has ever seen. His son, a refugee, has come to Canada and has begun, at Batawa, Ontario, an industry.

And so Canada profits by the tyranny of Hitler. A derelict paper mill has become a hive of war industry and a valley which only a few months ago comprised only trees, rocks and meadowland now contains a model factory, half a hundred homes, and over seven hundred men and women with good jobs.

Canadian production — our real wealth — has been increased. To the common treasure store comprising the ability and skill of all Canadians has now been added the skill and ability of Bata and his men—with all that the record of this name implies in terms of service and high competence.

Hemlock Miracle

WHEN Adolf Hitler upset the European apple-cart two years ago, by moving on Czechoslovakia, he unwittingly started something that in years to come may change the face of British Columbia's major industry — lumbering.

Not long after Herr Hitler acted, a Czech refugee, touring Vancouver's famed Stanley Park, saw for the first time what a hemlock tree looks like. And from the idea which that first look put into his mind, this refugee, with the help of others of his countrymen who, like himself, were forced to flee Europe, has built a promising new industry on Canada's Pacific coast. It is an industry that has amazing potentialities for the increase of B.C.'s economic wealth.

The refugee in question, Leon Koerner, now an accepted figure in Vancouver's business life, is living proof that the opening of a new country's doors to the political refugee can be more than a mere act of charity: it can be a first-class investment.

Leon Koerner comes of a Czech family which has been in the lumber business for generations. The Koerners had owned mills, and forests to supply them, in both Czechoslovakia and Poland, and Leon and his brothers learned the business from the ground up. Leon Koerner did so well at it that, later on in addition to being head of the Koerner family enterprise, he was appointed sales manager of the Czechoslovakian state forests selling agency.

It was natural, then, when Leon Koerner and his brothers, Otto and Walter, came to Canada, that they should think first of the lumber

business as a means of living. And it was no accident that Leon Koerner should choose hemlock.

Let him explain why:

"Hemlock forms the greatest part of British Columbia's forests. In ten or fifteen years it will become the timber of British Columbia, just as the fir and cedar are to-day," he says. "Until now it has not been appreciated. It has been considered a lower class wood, fit only for pulp — a by-product of the logging operation.

"But that is wrong; it is every bit as good as fir, in its proper place. Only, in this country, it has not been produced or dried properly."

Hemlock is a moist wood: instead of holding resin between its cells, it holds water. Before, when it was exported from Canada, improperly dried, it would be already rotting before reaching its destination. B.C. hemlock, therefore, had an evil reputation in every world market. In British Columbia it became a despised wood.

"I have seen it on the docks in London when I have been there on business," Mr. Koerner recalls. "I remember being surprised that wood with so good a grain should be in such poor condition. So did other Czech lumbermen who, like me, know how beautiful and useful the white woods of Europe — inferior as they are to Canadian hemlock — can be made with proper treatment."

So, with the capital they had brought with them from Europe, and with the wealth of technical experience they had, the Koerner brothers founded the Alaska Pine Co., Ltd., on the banks of the

Fraser River in Vancouver's neighbor city, New Westminster.

And so, the Pacific Coast lumber industry received a startling lesson. Nay, it was a startling lesson to all B.C. industries, for the Koerners have introduced new methods not only into the treatment of lumber, but also into the whole business structure and, most important, into the phase of employer-employee relations.

Today, after 18 months of work, the Alaska Pine Co. Ltd. is selling its product wherever war-imposed restrictions will permit.

It sells it as "Alaska pine" rather than hemlock. Hemlock has a bad name; Alaska pine, which is a permissive but less known name for the very same wood, gets around that stigma.

The company buys the best logs available and does all its own grading at the mill. This is necessary, because the government, which grades fir and cedar, has never thought it worthwhile for hemlock. But it is not only necessity that causes the Koerners and associates to do their own grading. They have decided it is essential to be meticulous. They have established a number of grades, depending upon markets and purposes for which the wood is to be used. And they are not content with one grading, at the start of milling operations. Each log is graded six or seven times as it goes through the cutting and drying processes, according as each successive operation discloses some new fact about the excellence or otherwise of each log.

Such things had not been done in British Columbia before—principally because they had never been necessary in view of the seemingly inexhaustible forest wealth of the province. Other

things the Koerners did that had not been done before were the pains they took, to keep their plant spotlessly clean and free of damp.

"We spent a lot of money doing that," says Leon Koerner. "We put in concrete driveways, for instance. You know the story of the pig; how it is said to be a dirty animal that loves to live in mud and filth. The truth is that if you keep the pigsty clean, the pig will be just as happy and will stay clean.

"It is just good salesmanship to have a clean product. The best silk handkerchief, if crumpled up and tossed on the counter, would not bring much of a price, whereas a cheap cotton handkerchief, if neatly folded and put in a nice package, will sell all right. So, we put our product into a nice package. We have concrete driveways so that the mud will not fly up and dirty the logs; we keep our plant clean; we never load lumber in the rain; we have dry sheds to keep it in, and when it is waiting for loading we cover it with tarpaulins.

"This is our secret, and it is really no secret: produce it well to the requirements of your market. Each white board is clean, double end trimmed, and marked with our own stamp. We feel our trade marks are already becoming appreciated in the markets we have so far reached."

Another thing: Alaska Pine tries to make sure that its hemlock is used for the destined purposes. Unlike fir and cedar, it is not for exterior work. Mr. Koerner admits candidly that used for the exterior of a building, where it would be subject to moisture, it would rot within a year or two. or, if rained upon, it would simply absorb the rain and swell.

But for interior work, he maintains it is hard to find a better wood of its kind. Properly cured, it will stand a hundred years and more. And when buyers come to the Alaska Pine company they are told these facts. The company is as careful of its reputation as of its product.

Further, to secure efficiency in the processing of their woods, the Koerners, in their relations with their workmen, went to lengths undreamt of by most business men. They believe that working conditions are of vast importance. In Czechoslovakia they had been used to compulsory health insurance, compulsory unemployment insurance, and other measures of like nature, government imposed. Most of the charges had been paid by industry, too.

"We realize that the majority of working men, even when they can afford it, do not save much and so have little or nothing in hand when sickness strikes them or their families," Leon Koerner says. "We know that a worried worker is not a good worker, and we know, too, that a man who has no security of that kind is apt to worry.

"Here, then, is what we have given our workingmen. We have an arrangement with two doctors in New Westminster that they shall be on call for all our workmen at all times, and not only for the workers themselves, but for their dependents as well.

"Our system is that if a worker stays away sick, he gets no pay for the first three days; that is to discourage men from staying away for trivial things. However, if the ailment is serious enough to keep him away longer, he gets his full pay."

For 26 weeks, if the worker is

ill that long, pay continues — full pay for those in the lower salary bracket, part pay for those in the higher.

Sick benefits include cost of operations, where these are needed, specialist fees, and hospital costs for one month, and it does not cost the worker one cent in contributions. All is paid by the firm.

Free group life insurance also is provided, from \$1,000 to \$2,000, depending on the worker's status. The firm, now that it is growing to sizeable dimensions—it has 304 employees, of whom all but six are Canadians, the six being old Czech employees of the Koerners—requires its new recruits to submit to a free medical examination.

In keeping with its idea that contented workers are efficient workers, Alaska Pine maintains free lunch rooms and wash rooms, with locker facilities, for its men.

"They didn't like all these new ideas at first," chuckles Mr. Koerner. "They were suspicious. And like the B.C. lumbermen, they laughed at some of them; they were stubborn. But they caught on; they like it now, and you couldn't find better workmen anywhere."

The firm is trying other new ideas. It is taking young men of good education, as it did in Czechoslovakia, and is training them from the ground up in its mill, putting them through every department. That is how the Koerner brothers themselves were trained. From this practice may come material for the revised logging industry of the future.

The war has made some inroads into plant personnel; some of its best hands have gone to the Forestry Corps, and were eagerly received.

"Polish Ham"

IT was late in the evening of December 18, 1888. According to traditional custom, most of the inhabitants of the sleepy town of Recklinghausen in Westphalia, Germany, had retired for the night. Stately, ancient houses on the main street, with all lights extinguished, threw gigantic shadows on the newly fallen snow. The lamp lighters silently passed through the streets and extinguished every second street light of the newly introduced gas lighting system. Stars shone in a clear blue sky and quiet reigned everywhere.

But down the street, close to the old marketplace, the great windows of one of the oldest and most impressive houses were fully lighted and shadows could be seen passing about, as in anxiety. Inside, in the great family assembly room, before the fireplace, Robert Mendell, successor to the house of Mendell, which for more than 400 years had commanded the respect of all citizens as the successful producer of the famous Westphalia "Schinken," paced the great carpet. So had his father, many years before, and his father's father and all of the male ancestors whose pictures adorned the walls of the room. Robert Mendell was about to become a father.

And when the morning came with all the glory of a winter dawn, Robert Mendell had retired secure in the thought that someone had come to this earth who would carry on the tradition created over many scores of years, one who would guard jealousy the trade secret. This secret had been passed on from father to

eldest son ever since there died in 1578 that Abraham Mendell whose gravestone, the first one of a long line in the Recklinghausen cemetery, testified that he had lived from 1510 to 1578, that he was a good man at his trade, and a charitable person in his deeds.

Little did Robert Mendell dream that this, what he no doubt privately thought a rather ugly creature which was shown to him for a fleeting moment by the smiling midwife, would become a wealthy man, only to lose nearly all when a Swastika curse struck that ill-fated continent.

Mendell's Youth

Frederick Solomon Mendell grew up as any average child would. There were two more brothers, but after all he was the oldest. As soon as he passed through school, taking year by year in no hurry, he entered his father's plant, that of Robert Mendell, Grossfleischerei (wholesale butchers), as an apprentice, and in traditional manner worked his way up. He learned all there was to know about pigs, cows, steers and all sort of livestock and how to use every piece of the animal to avoid waste. His father employed about 50 men in his plant, over which he reigned as the patriarch, a position due to him as the proprietor of a great institution.

Then came a great day for young Frederick Solomon. That was when his father took him into his private study and revealed to him the special cure of ham which was not contained in any writing,

but was passed on by father to son orally. The Mendell establishment not only produced the famous hams but also some 75 varieties of Wurst from the "Blutwurst" (blood sausage), of the common laborer to the highly priced salami. But while the ham was in great demand throughout Germany and neighboring countries, the other products of the plant served only the immediate neighborhood.

Robert Mendell died peacefully in 1911, in the knowledge that all was well in the Mendell plant and certain that the traditions would be carried on in true Mendell manner. When he was buried, a great throng followed the funeral procession, as the Mendells were not only respected but also well liked by the citizenry. The plant was closed for one day of mourning and employees who had been with Robert since he took over from his father recalled what their late employer had done for them and wondered just a little, how young Frederick Solomon, who had revealed keen business sense on many occasions, would carry on.

Frederick Solomon showed early that he was of the new school. His first step was to eliminate the sale of livestock to his plant through livestock dealers. He set out and visited Westphalia, the home of the best hogs in Germany, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Poland and other agricultural nations and did his own buying. As could be expected, his plant's business grew by leaps and bounds and extensions had to be constructed to keep pace with the ever increasing production. New methods of assembly work were introduced by the new owner, but the Mendell ham was still cured and packed in the traditional manner.

There was a temporary setback during the first Great War, but Frederick S. Mendell, never politically inclined, survived without suffering any serious damage. He was too much interested in his work to pay much attention to politicians and their aims. He paid good wages, his employees were satisfied and he was satisfied with them, that was all that mattered to him.

In 1920, on one of his periodical shopping travels in search of good livestock, Mr. Mendell met Harry Poels at Antwerp. Harry Poels, with his son Harry and cousins Harry and Franz, conducted a livestock purchasing and selling business which had branches in every nation in Europe and imported animals from Argentina and Canada.

Canning "Polish Ham"

Poels and Mendell liked each other from the start. Harry Poels, true to his Netherlands ancestry, was a conservative business man, while Mendell, possessor of an agile brain, was the driving type with hundreds of new ideas and an ability to translate the ideas into successful action. With Poels' fine knowledge of livestock, and his connections, and Mendell's familiarity with packing and curing meat, the stage was set perfectly for the formation of Poels and Company, meat packers and canners. Mr. Mendell and Harry Poels, Sr., were the senior partners, while Mr. Mendell's two brothers and the three Poels were junior partners. As Mr. Mendell did not include his own family plant, headquarters were set up at Antwerp.

The result of this association soon became evident. In the same

year packing plants were established in centres of agrarian Poland, such as Chonize, Lublin, Poznan, Torun and in the Free City of Danzig. There was good livestock at reasonable prices and labor costs were at a minimum. The most important factor in the location was the right kind of climate.

These plants mainly specialized in the export of Wiltshire sides to England and in the canning of Mr. Mendell's own "Polish Ham," as it was then named, in view of the fact that the bulk came from that country. This ham was especially exported to the United States of America, where it was in great demand and still is. About that, however, later.

Three of the smaller Polish plants were sold a few years later to local ownership, while Poels and Company satisfied its increasing need for production by establishing two plants in Hungary, At Budapest and Papa. Still further plants went up in Zagreb, Jugoslavia, and Sofia and Temescora, Rumania.

In 1925 the Mendell family established headquarters in Berlin in view of the advantageous communication and travel connections. In 1929 Mr. Mendell was sitting "pretty." He had two talented daughters, one a distinguished actress, today on the New York stage, and the other a talented painter, who stayed with father and mother. He had a sizeable income which enabled him to realize one of his fondest dreams, the maintenance of a string of race horses. The horses did well for their owner, running on Europe's most famous tracks, such as Paris, Budapest, Munich, Berlin and Prague. One mare, in particular, brought fame to the Mendell col-

ors by winning 25 races in 25 starts.

Pursuit by the Swastika

Then the shadow of the Swastika cross began to fall over Germany.

Mr. Mendell saw the handwriting on the wall. In 1932 he and his wife and two daughters went on a world tour to study countries, with the view of removing their industry from Europe's ideologically torn shores to new lands. They visited Australia, the United States and Eastern Canada, and then returned to Germany late in 1932.

And then came that fateful night when all radio stations commandeered by the National Socialist party of Germany blared out that Von Hindenburg, senile president of the ill-fated republic, had yielded to the trickery of treacherous Von Papen and made Hitler "Reichskanzler." Mr. Mendell knew what to expect. The word reached him and his family at Recklinghausen. They hurriedly packed a few belongings and left Germany, never to return. The old family firm, established 500 years ago, fell into the hands of the Nazis, lock, stock and barrel.

It was a sinister contrast to 1926 when Mr. Mendell and his family were the honored guests of the town of Recklinghausen at the celebration of the 50th jubilee. Particular mention was made then of the Mendells as one of the oldest resident families of the town. Now they had to leave, by night, the town they so much loved, the town for which they had done so much and which had been so grateful only eight years previously.

In a roundabout way they first moved to Poznan. After staying there for a while, still too close to Germany for their comfort, they established residence at Budapest in 1934. For several years the Mendell family made friends in the Hungarian capital and thoroughly enjoyed their stay in what was then a peaceful and happy city.

But again the swastika cross moved on, this time into Czecho-Slovakia, which borders Hungary. Anti-Semitic propaganda reached Hungary en masse and the Mendells moved on to Sofia in 1938.

It was part of the irony of fate that in leaving Hungary Mr. Mendell was departing from a country which had conferred citizenship on him for his distinguished services to its livestock industry. In particular the introduction of the breed of Yorkshire hogs made vast improvements in the quality of the country's hog products and indeed enabled a start to be made in the export of hogs from the country, a thing unheard of there until Mr. Mendell became interested in the industry.

In Sofia the Mendell family remained only a few months before going on to Nice, France. In the meantime, however, in 1935, Mr. Mendell has paid a return visit to Australia where he established a plant in Sydney. It was his own plant, as the Poels, somewhat frightened by the turn of European power politics, were more in favor of selling existing plants than expansion.

While he lived at Nice, it became apparent to Mr. Mendell that war was inevitable. So the family for the umpteenth time packed up, took all the money that could be salvaged, boarded the "Queen Mary" in Cherbourg and made off

for the New World. They arrived at New York, and already a plan for future operations had evolved in Mr. Mendell's brain. A friend, a London stockbroker, had once told him about Western Canada and the great possibilities for establishing and successfully operating packing plants, especially in view of the great demand both in England and the United States for his secretly-cured "Polish ham."

Starts in Canada

Mr. Mendell took heed of this advice and as a result of careful inquiries and thorough investigation on the ground is today operating an ever-expanding packing plant at Saskatoon, the "Intercontinental Pork Packers," which although only established seven months ago, today employs more than 100 persons, kills 1,500 hogs and turns out 200,000 pounds of products per week.

The plant which Mr. Mendell took over had had as variegated a career as any plant in Western Canada. It was built to turn out motor cars in the good old boom days of 1911 and 1912. After a period of idleness it came into the hands of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Livestock Producers, who endeavored to compete for local and district trade with the big packing houses, only to fail, and was idle when its existence came to Mr. Mendell's attention. But as has been said it was only after thorough investigation of the livestock of the country and the suitability of Saskatoon that he decided to locate.

The plant was opened, to be exact, on June 15, 1940. The first thing that strikes the visitor is the number of carpenters, bricklayers and other building trade

personnel at work. It was explained by the assistant manager that a \$150,000 extension was just being built which, it is expected, will be completed by spring.

"Pork factory" is the best description of the plant. Despite the fact that everything is conducted on assembly line routine with a minimum of handling, Mr. Mendell contends that he hopes to eliminate much of the handling yet. The pigs and later the sides move along ceiling rails at a well-timed pace with never a minute lost as the live pig is transformed in a minimum of time into well-cured Wiltshire sides, ready for export to England and the United States, and all the by-products which mainly are sold locally.

The pride of the owner, however, is that part of the plant where the workmen, under special direction, are carrying on the tradition of the Mendell family of curing, cooking and packing the "Polish ham." Even the cans are made right in the plant and a huge, strange-looking machine, which was brought from a Rumanian plant, inserts the ham into the can and seals it without a human hand coming near the product.

And for the taste of this product one can take the judgment of the thousands of satisfied customers in the United States. So great is the U.S. demand for this specially cured ham that none is being sold as yet in Canada, as none is available. Mr. Mendell confidently expects to enlarge his operations to take care of this country's trade in the not too distant future.

Helping the Prairies

Employees at the plant marvel at Mr. Mendell's seemingly unlimited energy and are greatly

influenced by his enthusiasm. They greatly respect his criticism and the office staff admires his keen business sense.

As one of the higher ranking employees said, "He still has enough money to retire on, but he seems to love this work and is determined to start all over again. He is a fine man."

But Mr. Mendell's plans do not stop at the Saskatoon plant nor at the production of pork products. He hopes to expand sufficiently to produce all varieties of meats in view of the great resources of livestock in the Prairie Provinces.

He likes his work so much that he lives right above the plant in a tastefully decorated suite. He loves Western Canada, showing a particular liking for the wide open spaces. And the climate he says breeds fine people and fine animals.

Recently he returned from a business trip to Eastern Canada and the United States and of all people, he, a man who has lived in nearly every metropolis in Europe, expressed gratification to be back in this quiet western city. He simply likes it and everything about it, he says. And the same holds true for Mrs. Mendell, a charming woman.

Mr. Mendell is very reluctant to speak about himself and his past.

"Many people, who had to get out of Europe, come over here and say they were millionaires in the Old Country," he said, "I don't want to be one of these. I was well off and I still have a little left to start all over again," he continued, and then tried to steer the conversation away from himself by asking about racehorse stock and its quality in this country.

He is a little man, with keen eyes which impress immediately.

He is extremely friendly and likes to talk about livestock.

He rates Saskatchewan hogs, delivered to his Saskatoon plant, as equal to the best in Europe. He believes in hiring people who have been out of work for considerable time because he has to train them anyway, and he feels that the country is best served by such a manner of employment.

He is sure that the British Empire will win the war, but has turned his back forever on the European continent.

Asked what happened to the European plants, he asserted that he didn't really know and cared less. The last he had heard of the Sofia, Bulgaria, plant was that it was delivering Wiltshire sides to

Egypt. He seemed to derive much pleasure out of this.

He claims that his wife and children also wish to establish a permanent home in Canada.

"Nobody who ever comes here can desire to leave this country," he stated.

He paid tribute to the co-operation given him in Canada in trying to establish his industry here and had a particularly kind word for the Saskatoon Board of Trade.

But here the interview ended and the last a reporter saw of the enterprising Mr. Mendell he was dashing in and out among the Wiltshire sides with a pencil in his hand, testing the skin and ordering the odd side out of the line. He really appeared to know his business.

Let These People In

THE striking articles in the series on refugee industries that have appeared in the Free Press provide a formidable argument in favor of Canada flinging her doors wide open to the craftsmen and artisans of Europe who have been driven from their homes by persecution and war. The stock argument for such a policy has been usually a plea for humanitarianism and mercy. We are asked to do these people a favor by permitting them to come in. But the shoe is on the other foot. They bring us such rich gifts, their ideas, their inventiveness, their energy, their heritage of skill, that it is sheer madness to keep them out.

The concrete cases cited in the articles—the story of the glove-maker, Fischl, and Bata, the maker of shoes—are only two of many. Were the doors open as they should be, we would have hundreds of them; and in a generation the life of Canada and its production of wealth would be infinitely better off. That is proved by history, above all by the history of England which in centuries gone by gave ready refuge to the victims of continental barbarities. In a score of English towns and cities great industries have sprung up, employing many thousands of men and women, all of them the result of a policy that permitted hard-working skilful men to ply their traditional crafts without hindrance.

* * *

IN the past few years it has been extremely difficult for these people to enter Canada in spite of

all they have to offer us. A too narrow nationalism asserted itself. We were determined, for short-sighted, selfish reasons, to try to make everything for ourselves. We wanted no help from outside. Established industries, amply protected by tariffs, frowned upon what might mean new competition for them. Workers joined hands with capital to keep skilled men out who, they mistakenly thought, might take their jobs away from them.

Together all these forces combined to bring pressure upon the Government to interpret immigration rulings so harshly that it became all but impossible for the refugees to come to Canada. Only a thin trickle of them squeezed into the country. The rich flood of craftsmanship and skill that could be so easily taught to Canadian workers was dammed up outside. By doing so we starved ourselves. We deprived Canada of an opportunity that, as we let it slip from our hands, will be certainly seized by some other country less foolishly greedy than ourselves.

What kind of nationalism is it that refuses to let its citizens grow richer and more skilled, more fit to do work? What kind of nationalism is it that slams the door on the creation of countless new jobs for its people? Surely a strange, silly, senseless business to hold up hands of horror at the idea of a nation learning new crafts and trades!

* * *

WHAT a proud policy for a great people to follow, this of setting up our own crafts and keeping out anything that looks

like competition, so that our own meagre ideas are all we have to work with. Why not accept the heritage that world civilization has to offer us? Why not realize that men and women, over hundreds of years, acquire gifts that they can transmit to us and to our children? We cannot learn without their help. But we reject it. We refuse to let "foreigners" in to teach us.

Canada still has its great chance, but it will pass. These people who stand knocking at our door will

take their gifts elsewhere. That is sure. But now is the time to make use of them, now when the havens they can go to are few. Now is the time to change our policy, now when business is booming and more jobs are available, now when these people are still homeless, still looking for a refuge where they can make a new start. Canada should not delay. What we can get now may not come back to us again for centuries, and others will take what we reject.

